

Home Magazine

THE BOWERY CAVALIERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE
LATTER WORLD BOHEMIA.

BY OWEN KILDARE.

SYNOPSIS OF PROLOGUE CHAPTERS.

"O'Connell," Brady, a Bowery boy, falls in love with Nellie O'Dale, a girl who has been rescued from the hands of a villainous man. He is a good, honest, and brave fellow, and he is determined to win her. He is a good, honest, and brave fellow, and he is determined to win her. He is a good, honest, and brave fellow, and he is determined to win her.

CHAPTER VI.

Brady, having not listened to the other at all. "You got to get out of this cell," he said. "You might as well make the best of it. I've been here many times, and I know, if you don't, that you can't change your cell here the same as you would in a hotel. Let us try to get along for to-night and maybe to-morrow we can fix it differently."

Brady must have recognized the futility of having things changed just then, and he sat down to wait.

The other made many overtures to establish a degree of friendship, but met with no response until he casually mentioned Mott street.

Brady showed some interest.

"You don't belong in Mott street?" Brady asked dubiously.

"Indeed, I do, but you see," laughed the other, "I've been doing so many bits that I don't know which is my legal residence, Mott street or the penitentiary."

"Do you know any of the people that lives in Mott street?"

"Of course I do."

"You don't know anybody by the name of O'Dale living in that block?"

"Old Widow O'Dale? Sure thing. I know her, and that daughter of hers, Nellie. Why, I was up to their house only two or three times before I got pinched."

"You were up to their house?" asked Brady, unwilling to believe his ears.

"Surest thing on the calendar, you see. I know them, but they don't know me much on account of my many trips, and I don't think they'll stand for me calling on them under ordinary circumstances. But in this case it was different. You know on a wake or a wedding people ain't so particular who drops in, everybody being more or less excited, and that night they had a little bit of a blow-out, but it was no good, only soft stuff, not a thing to drink."

"They had a blow-out? Who?"

"Yes, to celebrate the wedding of her daughter, Nellie to a fellow by the name of Hughie—here, what's the matter with you?"

"You lie, you dog, you lie!" blurted Brady and sprang at the other.

In a moment screams, yells and the noise of the fight within were re-echoing from the cell into the halls of the prison.

The night guards arrived not a minute too soon to tear the frenzied Brady from his cell-mate, now more dead than alive.

Brady's wife was gratified at last. He had a cell all to himself that night, but it was the terrible "dark" cell.

Like a wild beast he kept pacing up and down in the narrow space, occupied with thoughts which can never be described nor imagined.

He had lost all trace of time and evinced no surprise when the door was suddenly opened and he saw it to be broad daylight.

Deputy Warden Murtha, who had already heard one version of the story, in company with several keepers, stood before the "dark" cell.

"Come here, Brady," he said, after trying the offender closely. "What made you act like a fool last night?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? Do you expect me to believe that? You have been here several months and your behavior has been exemplary, and now you go off in the twinkling of an eye, and act like a madman and mean to tell me you don't know why? I want to tell you, Brady, that men in my position know what they give me credit for, and I know quite a little about your story. I am very sorry for you; still, I cannot permit such breakers to go unnoticed, and partly as punishment, partly as a preventive, you shall be deprived of the privilege of receiving letters until you are in a more reasonable frame of mind."

Brady received congratulations from keepers and prisoners at getting off with such a light punishment, but paid no heed to them.

Two weeks after his fall from grace news reached him through channels only known to prisoners that a letter had arrived for him.

That day he requested an interview with the deputy warden.

"Well, Brady, I hear you are behaving yourself again like a man," began Mr. Murtha kindly.

"I'm trying to, Deputy, and I came to ask you that maybe you'd let me get my letters if any come for me, please," pleaded Brady, with that false assumption of rationality which only the insane can assume.

"Well, I believe I can lift the embargo, provided you promise to behave yourself in the future."

"Yes, yes, promise—that's it, promise—yes, I promise, too."

"Have any letters come for Brady?" asked the deputy warden of one of the clerks, not paying very close attention to Brady's answer or its peculiar tone.

"Here, yes, here is one for you—Mr. Frank Brady."

"I like to—I'd like to ask you to do me a favor, Deputy. You know my reading is very much on the bum—would you read it for me, please?"

"Well, yes," granted the official.

"Dear Mr. Brady: Having sent you the announcement according to our sacred and solemn pact prior to this, I now send you these lines to inform you that Hughie and I were married on the 12th of this month. I am getting—tired—very tired. But I begged him to let me do it instead."

"You must permit us to come up to see you and do something for your comfort. Let us know if there is anything we can do for you."

"Feeling sure of your congratulations, I am, with best wishes."

"P. S.—You are the first to receive a line from me signed with my new name."

"That's all, Brady," said the deputy warden, and, refolding the letter, handed it to him.

"Oh, much obliged, and that's all, and you can be sure I never forget a promise," mumbled Brady, and returned to his work in the stone-shed.

Afterward they remembered that he had smiled—the first time in many a day—while hammering away at his stone.

"You lie," cried the keepers, and with a sigh of satisfaction at having another day marked off their "time" the men of the stone-shed took their places in line.

At the head of the column, in his usual place, stood Brady, ready for the command to march.

At last all the men were assembled, the guards and keepers on both sides had taken their positions and the procession of stripe-garbed unfortunates swung itself into motion.

And then a strange thing came to pass—at least to Brady.

Right there where the river guards were resting on their oars in their boats, leaning against the side of the slowly tramping mass, there was Nellie.

"Sure it was she. Didn't she smile and wave her hand in greeting? And, gee! she looked more beautiful than ever in that—what's it, anyway, she's got on her head? Hang me if it ain't a veil like what brides wear in the pictures, and a white dress, too."

Something's doing, all right! I wonder, no, gee! that couldn't be—but how can you tell? She promised, and until then my chances are as good as his."

Who's that? That's Hughie. I wonder how she'll salute him, and him with a new front on, too, even white kids."

What's this? What's she going to do now? She's lifting up her head, he's bending his; they're going to—"

All the keepers engaged in this little man hunt were obliged to confess afterward that they were "actually paralyzed" for a moment by the boldness of it.

To think that a man would take a chance for freedom from the head of a column, across level ground and in full view of a large number of keepers on the spot and in the boats, was something unknown in the annals of penitentiary records.

Stranger still—and this fact was commented on in different ways by the press in reporting this "daringly bold attempt at escape"—it was that of the many shots fired at the fleeing prisoner, quite a few actually hit him. Yet his course could not be stopped until he plunged into the waves of the East River, only to be picked up in a senseless condition by the river guards, who had quickly rowed to the scene.

A glance at the dripping, inanimate form as it lay on the grass, tinged with red, led him, sufficed to tell that very soon the census of the penitentiary would be decreased by one.

And even his recent pursuers, some of whose bullets had brought him to the end, felt not unkindly disposed toward the big, strong fellow who lay now quietly, with just an occasional feeble moan, at their feet.

Quite tenderly he was carried to the prison, where the deputy warden was awaiting them. Their opinions were quickly confirmed by the examination of the doctor.

"He's done for. Better notify his friends—if he has any."

Deputy Warden Murtha knew of one friend, and that night a honeymoon in Mott street was interrupted by a personal call of this considerate official.

Brady felt quite comfortable when, after a heroic application of restoratives, he awoke to find Nellie and Hughie at his bedside.

It was only for a moment. An effort to raise himself brought the bandages into play, and he fell back with a resigned sigh.

"Listen," he whispered, almost inaudibly. "I'm glad I'm going home, I am. You see, I was plumb off my nut thinking about youse people. And I was always accusing you of not keeping your promise, until it only came in this moment that you sent me the announcement in the first letter and I never knew it, 'cause I wouldn't let nobody read it for me."

A deep light of understanding and compassion came to the eyes of the girl, and one of her tears fell on that big paw, making it tremble with an inexpressible thrill at the drop of the brilliant spark.

"But, anyway," he lisped, "it's better the way it is. I couldn't have stood it, that's all, and I wouldn't be only in the way for both of you. Besides, Hughie, is a better man than me—I mean he knows more than I do. I don't mean he can lick me, even that night—"

"What's the use? You ain't sore on me, Hughie, are you? I'm only sorry you didn't have the chance to chase the guy that night. He insulted the little woman, because then I wouldn't be into this at all and wouldn't be here either. Gee! That sounds as if I was sorry I done it, which I ain't, for, of no account as I was, this first and this arm was always ready to fight for a good square girl, and my compliments to you, Nellie O'Dale!"

Even in the last flicker of the old spirit asserted itself, and the maiden name of the girl was intentionally used by him.

It gave no offense either to wife or husband.

"Nellie O'Dale can never thank you enough, Frank, for your devotion and sacrifice. You were my staunchest cavalier. But now you must not talk any more; I trust you too much and destroys your chances of recovery."

"Recovery? Me? Stop your kidding," said poor Brady, with a brave effort of his old-time spirit. "My goose's cooked, little girl, ain't it, Hughie? But I tell you—I am getting—tired—very tired."

And he slept.

(THE END.)

AT THE THEATRES NEXT WEEK.

"ROBERT EMMET," FOR THE FIRST TIME, AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

With a cast and stage settings as ambitious as any Broadway production, Brandon Tynan will present his new Irish play, "Robert Emmet," on Monday night at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The romantic incidents which crowded the closing hours of the young Irish patriot have been woven into the effective dramatic setting. The trial scene, with its classic address from the dock, forms the opening scene of the floating act. Sarah Curran is the heroine. William H. Thompson, Owen Everett, Francis Powers and William Elton are among the well-known actors in Mr. Tynan's support. During the

"The Huguenots." The children will have another gala night on Monday at the Manhattan Beach spectacle pavilion. Brooklyn Night will be on Tuesday, Fraternal Night Thursday, and Saturday night will be St. Louis Exposition Night. A new burlesque, "The Sweet Girl," is to be presented Monday night in connection with the regular vaudeville at Cherry Hill Grove. Sydney Rosenfeld is the maker of the plot and Max Hoffman, George Cohen, Cole and Johnson, Bocho Jerome, Charles K. Harris have contributed the lyrics. Maud Allen, Kelly, Lou Abrams, May Vokes, Hattie

Band has enabled Mr. Hammerstein to break all roof-garden attendance records. "Ermine," of everlasting fame, will be presented by the Terrace Garden Opera Company. The rehearsal have op-



MS Amelagstone - CANDE

Brandon Tynan - 145 St Theatre

34th St Broadway

on Aug. 31. On Sept. 1 Manager Champerlin will open the Victoria with a new musical comedy, "My Fiancée."

Rejoicing in its prestige as a Newport attraction, "A Wild Rose" is winding up its run at the Knickerbocker. The season lasts until Aug. 30.

A July offering at the Third Avenue Theatre, it is by the author of Sol Smith Russell's success, "A Poor Relation."

"The Village Parson," a strong rural melodrama, will be the attraction at the Manhattan Theatre.

William Bonelli and his company in "An American Gentleman" will be seen at the New Star.

VAUDEVILLE BILLS.

The Plochians family of comedians, Boston Gerard, the Motor Cycle sensation and McFadden and Primrose are some of the leaders in the Brighton Beach Music Hall bill. Hearty congratulations of the audience are given in the Farway Pavilion.

Frances Curran, a contralto, whose voice and beauty are said to be out of the ordinary, is the headliner of the Floating Roof Garden's bill this week. The program includes a comedy, a song, and a dance.

Next, which is a six-legged dog, will be on exhibition at Huber's Museum next week. The dog is a cross between a dog and a cat.

The new musical pictures of foreign scenes at the Grand Hotel are very interesting.

The Apollo Four, the Bell Trio, the Elmore Crawford Sisters and others are some of the new talent appearing at the Casino.

Under the supervision of several gentlemen who participated in the stage direction of the opera when it achieved its great Casino success.

ALONG BROADWAY.

The first Broadway night of the season is announced at the Academy of Music, where every lady in attendance next Tuesday will receive a handsome bouquet of flowers.

Ten big troupes of neoclassical dancers will be the attraction for the night. The troupe will be the "Mikado."

Always alert for new attractions, Manager Schroeder, of the Madison Square Garden, has added the wonderful "Ten Big Troupes of Neoclassical Dancers" to his bill.

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